

## *Numb Fear*

*Numb fear. This was all I felt, as I lay on the table in that cold, heartless room. I watched in dismay as horrible, bloody scenes burned themselves on the insides of my eyelids. The thought of surgery brought a cold chill right down to my bones. Suddenly, a cool hand rested gently on my forehead. I looked up, gazing at the hands' owner. I had forgotten about the white robed menaces.*

*"Calm down, breathe," they coaxed as the anesthesiologist held the gas mask close to my mouth. I immediately clamped down my mouth as tightly as an activated fox trap.*

*"No. I won't. You can't make me!" I screeched through clenched teeth, not bothering to wipe away the fresh flow of tears cascading down my cheeks.*

*I glanced nervously at the enormous monitor that had wires running from it like the intricate veins of a leaf. "It's O.K. We won't let anything happen to you while you are out," reassured the doctor and his assistant.*

*Despite my desperate wails, the doctors clamped on the mask and I took my first breathe of the gas, its sharp tangy scent burning in my nostrils.*

*"Very good, breathe," the doctors crooned.*

*"I have no choice, the mask is covering my mouth and my nose," I muttered hazily. "What's happening? Why is everything so foggy?" I asked nervously.*

*"Just the anesthesia doing its job," replied one of the nurses.*

*I began to breathe freely while the room and everything in it, from the people, to the white sterile curtains, to the harsh, surgical scent of the operating room faded dimly away. I took one last breath and everything spun into blackness.*